

THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:
OR, A

Trip to the Jubilee.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
D R U R Y - L A N E ,
By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

*Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam;
Fure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.*

Ovid. Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

L O N D O N :

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CONSISTANT COURT

to the Justice

Y. M. D. Y.

AT THE COURT



SHIRAZ & SONS

OF THE COURT

Y. M. D. Y.

SHIRAZ & SONS

To the Honourable
Sir Roger Mostyn, Baronet,
Of Mostyn-Hall in Flintshire.

SIR,
TIS no small Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline Patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this Play to the World, will also reconcile my Addresses to you, of whom I can say nothing but what your Merits may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greatest Panegyrick upon you, Sir, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of Your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the Sedateness of a Senator, and the Modern Gaiety of a fine English Gentleman, with the Noble Solidity of the Ancient Briton.

This is the Character, Sir, which all Men, but your self, are proud to publish of You, and which more celebrated Pens than mine should transmit to posterity.

The Play has had some noble Appearances to honour its Representation; and to complete the Success, I have presum'd to prefix so Noble a Name to usher it into the World. A stately Frontispiece is the Beauty of a Building. But here I must transverse Ovid:

Materia superabit Opus.

I am, Honourable Sir,
Your most Devoted,
and Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

Preface to the Reader.

AN affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I shan't therefore, like a Foolish Virgin, fly to be persued, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the height of Impudence: Who is asham'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who confer'd them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot allow this an ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my Faults 'twere very ill manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cause. I am of another Opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the *English* are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeased the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.

Next to those Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest Life to the Play, of which the Town is so sensible, that all will joyn with me in Commendation of the Actors, and allow (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the *Theatre Royal* affords an excellent and complete Set of Comedians. Mr. *Wilks's* Performance has set him so far above Competition in the part of *Wildair*, that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to lose him, Sir *Harry Wildair* may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the *Trip to the Jubilee* for a *Misnommer*: I must tell them, that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Success, I'll talk with the Criticks about *Decorums*, &c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excusable.

PROLOGUE ; *By a Friend.*

POETS will think nothing so checks their Fury
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medly's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all false Fear ; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully Writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wise, if any ;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church, and Play,
Not to observe what Priests or Poets say,
No ! no ! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The Ladies safe may smile : for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France,
But then so far from Beau——why, he talks Sense !
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but---seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits.
Who, Lion-like, through Bailifs, scours away,
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day,
At Night, with empty Bowels, grumbles o'er the Play.
And now the modish Prentice he implores,
Who, with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brace of——Honourable Whores ;
While their good bulky Mother pleas'd, sits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us——with your Love.
Ah Friends ! Poor Dorset Garden-house is gone ;
Our merry Meetings there are all undone :
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds,
That strong Dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our Heads,
Snaps Rope like Thread ; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one day hold him :
At least, I hope, that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prizes down.

Well, that's all ! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
On second Thoughts, I've but two Words to say ;
Such as it is for your Delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Sir Harry Wildair,</i>	{ An airy Gentleman, affecting humorous Gaity and Freedom in his Behaviour.	Mr. Wilks.
<i>Standard.</i>	{ A disbanded Colonel, brave and Generous.	Mr. Powel.
<i>Vizard.</i>	{ Outwardly Pious, o- therwise a great De- bauchee, and Villanous.	Mr. Mills.
<i>Smugler,</i>	An old Merchant.	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Clincher,</i>	{ A pert London Pren- tice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. Pinkethman.
<i>Clincher, jun.</i>	{ His Brother, educa- ted in the Country.	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Dicky, his Man,</i>		Mr. Norris.
<i>Tom. Errand, a Porter,</i>		Mr. Haynes.

W O M E N.

<i>Lurewell,</i>	{ A Lady of a jilting Temper, proceeding from a Resentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. Verbruggen.
<i>Lady Darling.</i>	{ An Old Lady, Mo- ther to <i>Angelica</i> .	Mrs. Powell.
<i>Angelica,</i>	A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Parly.</i>	Maid to <i>Lurewell</i> .	Mrs. Moor.

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.



THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:

ACT I.
 SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Vizard with a Letter, Servant following.

Vizard.



Ngelica send it back unopen'd! say you?

Servant. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of these vertuous Women is more insufferable, than the Immodesty of Prostitutes—After all my

Incouragement to slight me thus!

Serv. She said, Sir, that imagining your Morals sincere, she gave you access to her Conversation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypocrisie, and that she believes your Letter like your self, fair on the out-side, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents——I'll be reveng'd the very first opportunity——Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother.

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue——An Esteem grafted in Old Age is hardly

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Rooted out, Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies,
 And old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisie—
 Run to the Lady *Lurewell's*, and know of her Maid,
 Whether her Ladyship will be at home this Evening,
 Her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica's* Scorn. (*Exit Serv.*
(Viz. pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.))

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times,
 at his Meditation so early, some Book of pious Ejaculations,
 I'm sure.

Viz. This *Hobs* is an excellent Fellow! (*Aside.*) O Uncle
Smugler! To find you in this end o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have seen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Cousin
Vizard.

Viz. What is it, pray, Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court—I'm ve-
 ry glad, Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this
 infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is Heathenish, and
 every Man's Breath I meet scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely, Sir, some great Concern must bring you to
 this unsanctified end of the Town.

Smug. A very unsanctify'd Concern, truly Cousin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy—Shall I tell you?—My Ship
 the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from *St. Sebastian*, laden with *Portu-
 gal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tidewaiter has
 the Face to affirm, 'tis *French* Wines in *Spanish* Casks, and has
 indicted me upon the Statute—O Conscience! Conscience!
 These Tidewaiters and Surveyors plague us more with their
French Wines, than the War did with *French* Privateers—
 Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation—

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because—I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? Broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave Regi-
 ment, a thousand Men that look'd like Lions Yesterday were
 scatter'd, and look'd as poor and simple as the Herd of Deer
 that graz'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral (*Singing*) I'll have a Bonfire this
 Night as high as the Monument.

and

Stand. A Bonfire! Thou dry, wither'd, ill Nature; had not these brave Fellows Swords defended you, your House had been a Bonfire e'er this about your Ears—Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did not we pay you for your Lives, Sir?—Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Acteon*: There are five and thirty strapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarter in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son within these nine Months born with a Leading Staff in his hand——Sir, you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all——I see my Lawyer yonder. (*Exit.*)

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Foy, drink a Health to my King, Prosperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* to Morrow Morning.

Viz. What! You won't leave us?

Stand. What! A Soldier stay here! To look like an old pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no——I met Yesterday a broken Lieutenant, he was asham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but beg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O; very good Friends! My Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword agen.

Stand. Nay, for that matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at home——Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and 'Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutcheß——I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace

The Constant Couple.

to my Ogling.—Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to save his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his back upon the Enemy. — He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a Mistress.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't. — You have awaken'd a Thought; from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have stol'n away at once. — To be plain, I have a Mistress.

Viz. And she's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness.

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune.

Stand. A large one; Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard*! such a Creature! — Hey Day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Playhouse, and life of the Park;

(*Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.*)

Sir Harry Wildair newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. *Sir Harry Wildair*! Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some three or four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate; has had a genteel and easie Education, free from the rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easie to himself: — Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoyce his Friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, *Vizard*!

Viz. *Sir Harry*!

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long? I thought thy Hypocrisie had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cushion long ago. — Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. *Sir Harry*, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild.

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Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town; for I'm just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave, to get Estates.

Stand. And in the Court-end playing the Fool, in spending 'em.

Wild. Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so Modish.

Viz. We are all so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocrisie for Religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris.* Agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a mistake; for my Major swore a hundred and fifty last night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. P'shaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groom-Porter's? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the loss of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony? or, what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the noblest Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us some News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart. — You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch Ship*; I there had a *Dutch Whore* for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battel with the But-end of a *Swiss Musket*. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intreagues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am agen in *statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you design'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; What brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman! —

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruell* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*; and I wou'd rather kiss her Hand than the Pope's Toe.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your Mistress; and Sir *Harry* here, has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his: Now will I lay you both Ten
Guineas

Guineas a piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so vertuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes——But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolv'd? For I know not where my Mistress may be found; she left *Paris* about a Month before me, and I had an Account——

Stand. How, Sir! left *Paris* about a Month before you!

Wild. Ay, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay,——she has the softest, whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast; —— her Breasts do so heave, so heave. (*Singing.*)

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality.

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard*!

Stand. P'shaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady——But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a Miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why, you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture, unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. S'death, my Mistress. (*Aside.*)

Viz. My Mistress, by *Jupiter*. (*Aside.*)

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Can't tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. (*Exit. Stand.*)

Wild. Nay, hold Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. (*Runs out.*)

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell*, his Mistress! He loves her.

But she loves me,—but he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk a foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*; —— That very Circumstance has murder'd me.——Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter

The Constant Couple.

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Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel so out of humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. S'life that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! P'shaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! S'life Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther. (*Aside.*) But would not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you so much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her, that's true;—but then I love honest Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming—right—but then a Thrust i'th' Guts, or a *Middlesex Fury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasie, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who would hang you purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but on t'other hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So, upon mature Deliberation, I would fight for her.—But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Mistress by the by, till I can find my own? You have store, I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer Game, than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me consider a little.—Now Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks. (*Aside*) *Pauses, whilst Sir Harry walks singing.*

Wild. P'shaw! thou'rt as long studying for a new Mistress, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you, and wholesome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! sayst thou, dear *Vizard*.

Viz. A Girl of Sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now Sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and Witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

Viz. Her Name! yes,—she has the softest whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Wild. Well, well, but where shall I find her, Man?

Viz.

The Constant Couple.

Viz. Find her!—but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*; she dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this Lady is the Curiosity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*: She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*; she goes for a Baronet's Lady, (no disparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I assure you.

Wild. Pshaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*; you must have my Passport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil Entertainment; I suppose 20 or 30 pieces handsomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll ensure her sound.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a Man in Necessity. — Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*; I'll walk across the Park. [To his Servant.

Enter Clincher, Senior.

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk across the Park too—Mr. *Vizard*, your most Devoted—Sir, (to *Wildair*) I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-knot, methinks it hangs very emphatically, and Carries an Air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most Ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign Mien. Gentlemen, My Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of, Gentlemen, your most Devoted, and most Faithful humble Servant. [Exit.

Wild. Prithee dost know him?

Viz. Know him! why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Apprentice To my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

Wild. What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why, he's in Mourning for his Father, the kind old Man In *Hertfordshire* t'other Day broke his Neck a Fox-Hunting; the Son upon the News has broke his Indentures, Whip'd from behind the Counter into the Side-Box, Forswears Merchandise, where he must live by Cheating, And usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings*, *Leash of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intreagues, Plays, Fashions, and going to the *Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, how many Pound of Pulvil must the Fellow Use in sweetning himself from the smell of Hops

And

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And Tobacco? Faugh—— I my Conscience methought,
Like *Olivia's* Lover, he stunk of *Thames-street*. But now for
Angelica,

That's her Name: We'll to the Princess's Chocolate
House, where you shall write my Passport, Allons. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and her Maid Parly.

Lure. Parly, my Pocket-Book — let me see — *Madrid*,
Venice, *Paris*, *London*.——Ay, *London*! They may talk
What they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love
Most fruitful under this Climate.——In a Month's space,
Have I gain'd — let me see, *Imprimis*, Colonel *Standard*.

Par. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers should be manag'd, he shall serve me
Till I gain my Ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, Madam.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him, I hate all that don't love me,
And slight all that do: would his whole deluding Sex
Admir'd me, thus wou'd I slight them all; my Virgin and
Unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithless Man,
But now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face,
Lye Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and
Damn the treacherous Kind.—Let me survey my Captives.—
The Colonel leads the Van, next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me,
Out of the Practice of Piety, therefore is a Hypocrite:
Then *Clincher* he adores me with Orangery, and is
Consequently a Fool; then my old Merchant, Alderman
Smuggler, he's a Compound of both; —— out of which
Medly of Lovers, if I don't make good Diversion——What
d'ye think, *Parley*?

Par. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your
Service,
If you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; observe this that tho' a Wo-
man swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, backbite, be proud, vain,
malitious, any thing, if she secures the main chance, she's still
vertuous; that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded tho', Madam, but that you real-
ly lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest
Plague, for I cou'd never make him uneasie; I left him in-
volv'd in a Duel upon my Account; I long to know whether
the Fop be kill'd or not.

*The Constant Couple.**Enter Standard.*

O Lord! No sooner talk of killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty Colonel, to serve your King, your Country and a Mistress too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest; for in War, Madam, we can be relieved in our Duty: but in Love who wou'd take our Post, is our Enemy; Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same Success in the Bed-chamber; and I think, considering the Weakness of our Sex, we shou'd make those our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of Defending you from all Injuries thro' a Title to your lovely Person, but now my Love must attend my Fortune. This Commission, Madam, was my Passport to the Fair; adding a Nobleness to my Passion, it stamp'd a Value on my Love; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Hearse, and with it must my Love be buried.

Par. What! disbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. Parley.

Par. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow, he stinks of Poverty already.

[*Aside.*

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my Designs.

[*Aside.*

Stand. Ill chuse, Madam rather to destroy my Passion by absence abroad, than have it starv'd at home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Mistake, here I vow by all that's Sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love: The Man that sells himself for Gold is the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I cou'd love him.

[*Aside.*

Stand. This only last Request I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward to my Place in your Affections; so farewell my Country, and adieu my Love.

[*Exit.*

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honourable; Here, Parly, call him back, I shall lose half my Diversion Else; now for a Tryal of Skill. [Re-enter Colonel.
Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity,
When do you take your Journey?

The Constant Couple.

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Stand. To morrow Morning, early, Madam.

Lure. So Suddenly! which way are you design'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray, Sir, tell me, pray Sir; I entreat you, Why are you so obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, Madam?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What?

Lure. Because, I, I,——

Stand. Because! What, Madam?——pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design to follow you. [Crying.]

Stand. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud
Before, but Love from such a Creature might
Swell the Vanity of the proudest Prince; follow me!
By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the
Hazards of a Camp——Rather I'll stay and here bear
The Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. You need not, shall not, my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! No, I'll turn a Knave and purchase
one my self; I'll cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and
fawn on him that I wou'd bite to Death; I'll tip my Tongue
with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn
Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great;
and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any thing but
I'd reward thy Love, and recompence thy noble Passion.

Stand. Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha; poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha.
Rather kiss her hand than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir Harry, Colonel, What Sir Harry!

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, Madam.

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me——but I don't believe a Sylla-
ble on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his Mistress, and pretending to be
extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly insinuate
the Praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a
Choice——

Lure. How easily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our
Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conscience I believe so; this Gentleman, be-
cause he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in
Paris, and ever since he has so persecuted me with Letters,
Songs,

The Constant Couple.

Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom—And I warrant you, he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneasie.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll send him back all his Foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and you your self shall carry 'em, 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men he's my Aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project! How I shall bait him like *Acteon*, with his own Dogs—Well, Mrs. *Parley*, 'tis ordered by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. *Parley*.—

Par. 'Tis provided by the same Act, that you send no more Messages by me, good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the postage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be Mercenary; take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Par. A lack a day, Sir, it shows as ridiculous and haughtiness for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: We poor Folks, Colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour shou'd be cashier'd with your Leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest Curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chambermaids!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet, Colonel; the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. [Gives him the Packet.]

Stand. Which since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy; Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. To the right about as you were, march Colonel: Ha ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles!
Nature in us your deepest Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace;
Woman, without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

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The End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher opening a Letter, Servant following.

Dear Brother,

Clin.---reads. I Will see you presently, I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is Dicky, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, Dicky, Sir.

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! And what can you do, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! A Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores? There's a Question indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town——Hark'e, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir; what then?

Dick. Why she shall be at your Service in three Minutes, As I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! Why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you'r welcome to London!

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool, I wear this because I have the Estate,

And you wear that, because you have not the Estate.

You have cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well Brother, I'm glad to see you, fare you well. *(Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, stay Brother, where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Hark'e, Sir, is not my Father dead?

H

Clin. jun.

The Constant Couple.

Clin. jun. Ay, ay to my Sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he's dead, and am not I a young powder'd extravagant *English* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee*! What's that?

Clin. sen. *Jubilee*! Why the *Jubilee* is——faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the same thing with our Lord Mayor's Day in the City! there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibs*, and *Raree Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy* to learn Fashions, don't you, Brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee, *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon*! Why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagine that you have a spight at me——But have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling*?

Clin. jun. No, my Dancing-Master has not been with me yet: How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. Pshaw, that's easie, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant; I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*, Come along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *Lady Darling's House.*

Enter Wildair with a Letter:

Wild. LIKE *Light and Heat incorporate we lay,*
We blest the Night and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game——*Humph*! The prettiest *Bordel* I have seen, a very stately genteel one [*Footmen cross the Stage.*] Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*——'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther;
Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procurefs agen.

Madam——

Darl. reads. **E** *Arneft Inclination to serve——Sir Harry——*
Madam——Court my Cousin——Gentleman
——Fortune——

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

VIZARD.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so sober and pious a young Gentleman as Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A right sanctified Bawd o' my word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. [Exit.

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious Bawd of *Babylon*——She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil would hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling with Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day. [Exit.

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'Sdeath, what Money have I got in my Pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty Guineas——and by *Jupiter* she's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very same! And his Person as agreeable as his Character of good Humour——Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks! How would that Modesty adorn

Vertue, when it makes even Vice look so charming!——By Heav'n there's such a commanding Innocence in her Looks, That I dare not ask the Question,

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam—I, I—Zoons, I cannot speak to her—
But she's a Whore, and I will—Madam, in short, I, I—
O Hypocrisie, Hypocrisie? What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught, now to secure my Conquest—
I thought, Sir, you had Business to impart?

Wild. Business to impart! How nicely she words it! Yes
Madam; Don't you, don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover—Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest
Goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a Cage; twenty young ones,
I assure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are twenty young ones—
S'Life, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, sure—Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd
more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here agen.

Wild. Wit and Manners!—I Gad now I conceive there
is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas—
I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at
present. What shall I do?

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another Cousin I warrant ye!
Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas in-
stantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours upon
my Honour.

Clin. jun. These *London Sparks* are plaguy impudent! This
Fellow, by his Wig and Assurance, can be no less than a
Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I han't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Business have you here then, Sir? For to my
Knowledge twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what, Sir?

Wild. What Sir! Why, for that Sir, what the Devil should
it be, Sir; I know your Business notwithstanding all your
Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Business! Why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live there, and *Vizard's*
Cousin, and—Cousin, and every Bodies Cousin—Hark'e,
Sir, I shall return immediately, and if you offer to touch her
till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal. *(Exit.*

Clin. jun. Why the Man's mad, sure!

Dick. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a Beau.

Clin. jun. A Beau! What's that? are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick.

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Dick. No, Sir; but most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin: Remember your three Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant.
[*Exeunt, as into the House.*]

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Colonel following.

Stand. Sir Harry, Sir Harry.

Wild. I'm in haste, Colonel; besides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man, Sir Harry, who are never out of humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir Harry?

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an Act of Parliament against Wenching. A Man of Eight thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vex'd! No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why, then wou'd I call him Rascal behind his Back, and so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Mistress.

Wild. Why, then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a pitch of Gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. P'shaw! that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a Solœcism in Nature, we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way, that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash

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your

your Hopes to pieces.— I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers.

[*Gives him the Packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the Muster-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a List of your Forces in your last Love Campaign; and, for your comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; these are the *Sybil's* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed to cheat me of my Estate, what care I.—[*Opening the Packet.*] *Humph!* my Hand! to the Lady *Lurewell*, — to the Lady *Lurewell*, — to the Lady *Lurewell*, — What the Devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up these Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. [*Reading.*]—Madam, my Passion — so natural — your Beauty contending — Force of Charms — Mankind — Eternal Admirer *Wildair!* — I never was ashamed of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of humour! ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha: But then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, she dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fy, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth a keeping! What say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha; you may seek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*Sings.*] — Let her wander, &c.

Stand. You are jilted to some tune, Sir, blown up with false Musick; that's all.

Wild. Now, why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too; I must turn Poet in the Devil's Name. — Stay — 'Sdeath, what's here? This is her Hand — Oh the charming characters! My dear *Wildair*. [*Reading.*] *That's I* — this huff bluff Colonel — *that's he* — is the rarest Fool in Nature — *the Devil he is!* and as such have I us'd him — *with all my Heart, Faith* — *I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in Pall-Mall, near the Holy Lamb.* — Colonel, I'm your most humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you shan't go yet; I han't delivered half my Message.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel.

Stan. Well, well, own your Spleen ; out with it : I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, by Gad, ha, ha, ha. [Laugh and point at

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart, ha, ha. one another.

Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't—— : But to be serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there—— I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir ; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good-natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant.

[Exit.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel ! —— O the delight of an ingenious Mistress ! what a Life and Briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still sueing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain* Mistress, whoo, presto, pass, and she's vanish'd, then *Hey*, in an instant in your Arms asleep.

[Going.

Enter *Vizard*.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry* ; what News from the Island of Love ?

Wild. Faith, we made but a broken Voyage by your Card ; but now I am bound for another Port : I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel ! curs'd Misfortune ! another ! [Aside.

Wild. But the civilest in the World ; he brought me word where my Mistress lodges : The Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What ! have you given over all thoughts of *Angelica* ?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell* ; Wit and Beauty calls.

That Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,

Whose Wit can whet, when e'er her Beauty cloy.

Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel,

And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.

[Exit.

Viz. solus —— The Colonel, my Rival too ! how shall I manage ? There is but one way — him and the Knight will I set a Tilting, where one cuts t'others Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd : So there will be two Rivals pretty decently

dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, Lurewell's Lodgings.

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Has my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Par. No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same cheat me of my Money.

Par. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say, the Writings are in his hands.

Lure. But what satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant; have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam; trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your turn; I must have Money, Sir,—I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you say: I'm an Alderman, Madam! cheat you, Madam! I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear witness, *Parly*! I shall trap him in more Lies presently.—Come, Sir, tho' I am a Woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What course, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty Years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! he, he, he: Why, I'm a Religious Man, Madam! I have been very instrumental in the Reformation of Manners: Ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman. There is but one way, Madam,—you have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the Reformation! How?

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish.—Ah! that leering Eye! Then I voted for pulling down

down the Play-House :—Ah! that Ogle, that Ogle!—Then my own pious Example :—Ah! that Lip, that Lip!

Lure. Here's a Religious Rogue for you now! — As I hope to be sav'd, I have a good mind to beat the old Monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a Hundred and fifty Guineas, (a great deal of Money as times go) and—

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah! that Hand, that Hand, that pretty, soft, white—I have brought it, you see; but the Condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that—you understand me; you understand, I'm sure you do, you little Rogue—

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Cost, but would bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd.—Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush; what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam. [*Puts a piece of Money in his Mouth*] *Buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea.*

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you indeed? he, he, he, my little Cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to secure both our Honours; you must therefore be disguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Pshaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half so Religious as I seem to be. You little Rogue; why, I'm disguis'd as I am; our Sanctity is all Outside, all Hypocrisie.

Lure. No Man is seen to come into this House after Night-fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloths.

Smug. I gad so, cod so—I have a Suit a purpose, my little Cocket; I love to be disguis'd; I cod, I make a very handsome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into next Room? here are some Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and Guinea first; ah, my little Cocket! [*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.*

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry, I see you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear Matchiavel of Intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Wild.

Wild. The sight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thousand Questions to ask you, Sir *Harry*; How d'ye like *France*?

Wild. *Ah! est le plus beau pais du monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

Wild. *Madam, vous Voyez que je vous suy partout.*

Lure. O Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligee.— But where's the Court now?

Wild. At *Marli*, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count *Le Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Nostre Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Disease did he die of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam; I was his *Doctor*.

Lur. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most *Doctors* do, I kill'd him.

Lure. *En Cavallier*, my dear Knight Errant, well, and how? And how, what Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*?

Wild. I should ask you that Question, Madam, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* where ever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to death here, by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Colonel; he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrender tho'.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to capitulate; but since you are come to raise the Siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Wild. And love and kifs—*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. Attande, Attande, en pen—I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Question agen.

Wild. Pshaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Oh! *Le marriage est une grand male*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business! why, Madam, I never had any Business in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story and am sorry that a Gentleman of your Figure should undergo the Scandal.

Wild.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why, the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old *Smuggler* !

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have no less than Reason, I think ; why the Rogue has cheated me of above Five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your business then to acquit your self publicly ; for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publicly ! ——— Here Sirrah, my Coach ; I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange* ; he shall run the Gauntlet through a thousand brusht Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why, he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House ?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House ?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, no, no, I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher : Here, Mrs. *Parly*, shew me the Gentleman. [Exit with *Parly*.

Lure. Now, shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir *Harry* pester'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Solicitors and Attornies ; and if they don't teize him out of his good humour, I'll never plot agen. [Exit.

SCENE, changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O, This damn'd Tide-waiter ! A Ship and Cargo worth Five thousand Pound ! why, 'tis richly worth Five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Business, Mr. Alderman, fall'n out, which
you

you may oblige me infinitely by—— I am very sorry that I'm forc'd to be troublesome; but Necessity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say, Necessity—— But upon my word, Sir, I am very short of Money at present, but——

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Business is, I am reduc'd to an indispensable necessity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating.—— Here, take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha; I beat a Knight Baronet; an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player! ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my word, Sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. P'shaw, p'shaw, you jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as sure as fate: so, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity.

Smug. Curiosity! Duce take your Curiosity, Sir; what d'ye mean.

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jest, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jest; but a Man might imagine by the smartness of the Stroak, that you were in down-right earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the least indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jest; for they are the bluntest Jest; that I ever knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your Pardon, with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is satisfaction enough from a Gentleman: but seriously now, if you pass any more of your Jest upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Striking him.*]

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you mad, Sir? Murder, Felony, Manlaughter. [*Wild. knocks him down.*]

Wild. Sir, I beg you Ten thousand Pardons; but I am absolutely compell'd to't, upon my Honour, Sir, nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the Alderman. [*Striking him all this while, Smuggler tumbles over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor; Lurewell enters, takes it up.*]

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-book; this may be of use. [*Aside.*]
O Lord, Sir *Harry's* murdering the poor old Man,——

Smug. O dear, Madam, I was beaten in jest, 'till I am murder'd in good earnest.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, Senior——*Frapez, Frapez.*
Smug.

The Constant Couple.

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Smug. O! For Charity's sake, Madam, rescue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man! Hold, hold, *Frapez, plus rudement,*

Frapez, I wonder you are not ashamed, *(Holding Wild.*

A poor reverend honest Elder——— *(Helps Smug. up.*

It makes me weep to see him in this Condition, poor Man!

Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry*———For not beating

Him harder: Well, my Dear, you shall come at Night and

I'll make you amends. *(Here Sir Harry takes Snush.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the Place, Sir;

How durst you use me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my heart. *(Throws Snush into his Eyes.*

Smug. O! Murder, Blindness, Fire; O Madam, Madam, get me some Water, Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

(Exit with Lurewell.

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without Passion? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

*Let Statesmen plot, and under Business groan,
And settling publick Quiet lose their own;
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay or Fame,
For when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense,
And mad with Strength of Reason, Fools commence,
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense;
Their Summum Bonum they must toyl to gain,
And seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain.
I make the most of Life, no Hour mispend,
Pleasure's the Means, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my time destroy,
Life's but a Span; I'll every Inch enjoy.*

}

(Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

A C T. III.

SCENE, *The Street.**Enter Standard and Vizard.*

Stand. I Bring him word where she lodg'd! I the civilest Rival in the World! 'Tis impossible.

Viz. I shall urge it no farther, Sir; I only thought, Sir, That my Character in the World might add Authority To my words without so many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear *Vizard*— Our Belief struggles hard,
Before it can be brought to yield to the Disadvantage Of what we love; 'tis so great an Abuse to our Judgment, That it makes the Faults of our Choice our own Failing. But what said Sir *Harry*?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily, Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating these Lines.

*A Mistress n'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloy.*

Stand. *A Mistress ne'er can pall!* By all my Wrongs he Whores her! And I'm made their Property, Vengeance! *Vizard*, you must carry a Note for me to Sir *Harry*.

Viz. What! A Challenge! I hope you don't design to fight?

Stand. What! Wear the Livery of my King and Pocket an Affront! 'Twere an Abuse to his Sacred Majesty, a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, should start of it self to Redress its Master's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such Message between Friends.

Stand. I have n'er a Servant here, what shall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter, that plies at the *Blew Posts*,

And who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts very well, You may send a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you, Friend.

Viz. I have now some Business, and must take my Leave, I wou'd advise you nevertheless against this Affair.

Stand. No wilpering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that disappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge

venge, may love him foolishly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, say I.

[*Exit.*

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*?

Err. People call me so, an't like your Worship——

Stand. D'ye know Sir, *Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my Masters; many a round Half-Crown have I had of his Worship, he's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffee-House, and wait for me.
O Woman, Woman, how blest is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles, and how accurst when all those Smiles are found
But wanton Baits to sooth us to Destruction.

*Thus our chief Joys with base Allays are curst,
And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Wildair and Clincher senior following.

Clin. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Business of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling Business of Importance, pray sweet Sir?

Clin. sen. Pray Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*?

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clin. sen. Because I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir—— I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clin. sen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, Faith—— Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-boards! I Gad, Sir, you Travellers see very strange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very same Lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin. sen. A Case of Pocket-pistols for the Bravo's—— and a swimming Girdle.

Wild.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord! Sir, I'll tell you—suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to some Ball—for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then, as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know—then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Seignior Angle, Seignior Angle*,———'tis a very fine Lady, observe that—*Seignior Angle*, says she,——*Seigniora*, says I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, suppose it *Russel-street* here, or any other Street; then you know, I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less.——There up comes her Bravo; the *Italian* grows faucy, and I give him an *English* Douse of the Face. I can box, Sir, box tightly; I was a Prentice, Sir,——but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stiletto*, and I whips out my *Bull Dog*——flaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Russel-street* again, and whips me into the Ambassador's Train, and there I'm safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Is your Pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. sen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir; I design to shoot seven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corn; and there will be a devilish Throng of People there; they say that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fiddlers in *Europe*——but the use of your swimming Girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir! That's easie. Suppose the Ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish People are busie at their Prayers, I whip on my swimming Girdle, clap a Month's Provision into my Pocket, and sails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly.——And heark'e, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my swimming Girdle shall carry me upon this occasion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and so save the Charges of my Passage. Well, Sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my Mistress. (Exit.

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes abroad. Well! This *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I must pay her t'other Visit. (Exit.

SCENE

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.*

Angelica sola.

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! Whose chief Vertue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict Confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet.—'Tis hard that Love shou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction shou'd be so much indulg'd, yet sacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher jun. and Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Cousin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. saluting Angelica.] One, two, three, (*Kisses her.*) your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky*?

Dick. Ay, faith Sir, but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*, I know my Distance. Wou'd you have me speak to a Lady at the first sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means, the first Aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jest, to make her laugh heartily—By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiss.

(*Goes towards her.*)

Enter Wildair, interposing.

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpose, I told you so before; your pitiful Five Guineas will never do—you may march, Sir, for as far as five hundred Pounds will go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! The Mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my House!

Clin. jun. Quality! Why Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.—They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

(*Exit Darl. leading Clin. Dicky follows.*)

Angel. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last time, I wou'd advise you to make it as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, Madam, bore their Punishment in the Commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be till I sue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, I did not well understand the Offence, and must therefore proportion it to the Greatness of your Apology;

Apology; if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must the Lips be that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this seal my Pardon. (*Kisses her hand.*) And this (*Again.*) initiate me to farther Happiness.

Angel. Hold, Sir,—one Question, Sir *Harry*, and pray answer plainly, d'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire ascend? Do Hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love Gold, or great Men Flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Angel. This shows your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Passion; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raise an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay, then—I seize——

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis also possible to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger shou'd be real or dissembled, think what strict Modesty shou'd bear, then judge of my Resentments.

Wild. Strict Modesty shou'd bear! Why faith, Madam, I believe the strictest Modesty may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean? If you go to that, I think now fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your strict Modesty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his Defect in Understanding, than on his want of Manners—I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a——

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of——strict Modesty, if you will have it so.

Angel. I shall never hereafter trust common Report, which
represented

represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding ; for I find you very deficient in them all. *(Exit.*

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict Modesty, is the reason why those of Quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah! Sir Harry, have I caught you? Well, and what Success?

Wild. Success! 'Tis a Shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so saucy: I offer'd her fifty Guineas, and she was in her Airs presently. I cou'd have had two Countesses in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs say you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither shou'd I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-chamber, Man. She went on purpose; you a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her Airs, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict Modesty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly most Women magnifie their Modesty, for the same reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when you make your next Assault, incourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*, if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh! I had almost forgot — *Coll. Standard* wants to speak with you about some Business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently, d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promised to see him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. *(Aside.*

I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard.* *(Exit.*

Viz. No fair Play I can assure you. *(Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street before Lurewell's Lodgings; Clincher sen. and Lurewell coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is Reason in Disputes of Love? That daring Reason which so oft pretends to question Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakest Passions, and yields implicate Faith to foolish Love, paying blind

The Constant Couple.

Zeal to faithless Womens Eyes. I've heard her Falshood with such pressing Proofs, that I no longer shou'd distrust it. Yet still my Love wou'd baffle Demonstration, and make Impossibilities seem probable. (*Looks up.*) Ha! That Fool too! What, stoop so low as that Animal!—'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Despair, will stick at nothing, there's no Medium in their Actions. They must be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, curse the whole Sex, and so leave her. (*Goes in.*)

Lurewell comes down with Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband! What will become of you?

Clin. Eh! Your Husband! Oh, I shall be murder'd: What shall I do? Where shall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim;—I wish to the Lord I were at the Jubilee now.—

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wildair; I saw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly, Strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly strip: I'll give you half a Crown. Come, here: So. (*They change Cloaths.*)

Lure. Now slip you (*To Clinch*) down Stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there (*To the Porter*) till I call you.

(*Puts Errand into the next Room.*)

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after so base a Trick?

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, Your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir Harry Wildair's Company when I sent his Letters back by you; Yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship.

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir; a pitiful Lye is as scandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath

to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double; one Look belies another: and then your Tongue does contradict them all.—Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lie in your *Pericranium*.

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-house Cant upon your Tongue; and think, that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam,—I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher*, too: I hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me—also.—

Lure. *Clincher*! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes, be so deluded? Nay, Madam, my Nose could not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop by his *Pulvilio* from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair's* Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did I not see him?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not see him; you're dreaming Colonel. Will you believe your Eyes, now that I have rubb'd them open?—Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Cloaths.

Stand. This is Illusion all; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?—Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do!—But don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soon return my tir'd Heart.—Be gone, Sir, [*To the Porter,*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him I shall never be at leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits;—Send to me to know, when I should be at home!—Be gone, Sir:—I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*]

Stand. Nay, then there is no certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

The Constant Couple.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspensions: But 'tis an ungrateful Return. [Weeping.]

Stan. Now, where are all my firm Resolves? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousie; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding Faults, as in excusing them? — I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, since Jealousie that magnify'd my Suspicion, is as much the Effect of Love as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent way of Extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cherish your Suspensions, and feed upon your Jealousie: 'Tis fit Meat for your squeamish Stomach.

*With me all Women shou'd this Rule pursue:
Who thinks us false, shou'd never find us true.* [Exit in a Rage.]

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Cloaths.

Clin. Well, Intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing, for a Man of my Parts: — How shall we laugh at the Husband, when he is gone? — How sillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already, — to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Aldermen. [Aside.]

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me just Revenge: — O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by: — Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; have you seen him?

Clin. O Lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, Sir — No, Sir. — I have, Sir. — I have not, Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Answer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, Sir, I can't remember a word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [Strikes him.]

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold; — I did give him the Note.

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Rascal? [Strikes him again.]

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold: He did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin.

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Clin. Why, truly Sir I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage, you shall remember me this Month, Rascal.

[Beats him off, and Exit.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon: This is better than I expected; but Fortune still helps the Industrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, say I, and him who first invented Canes.—That curs'd Colonel has got such a knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten: But where's my Cloaths? my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet.—But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I sent the Porter down-stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Par. No! He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, say you! and with my Cloaths! my fine Jubilee Cloaths! — O, the Rogue, the Thief! — I'll have him hang'd for Murder. — But, how shall I get home in this Pickle.

Par. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently; for he dines at home.

Clin. Oh, then I must sneak off! Was ever Man so manag'd; to have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat too?

[Exit.

Lure. Thus the Noble Poet spoke Truth:

Nothing sutes worse with Vice than want of Sense:

Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.

Par. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have suffer'd by Men, must be very great, to raise such heavy Resentments against the whole Sex.

Lure. The greatest Injury that Woman cou'd sustain; they robb'd me of that Jewel, which preserv'd, exalts our Sex almost to Angels: but destroy'd, debases us below the worst of Brutes, Mankind.

Par. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man shou'd rob you of that same Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave Trifling; — 'tis a Subject that always sours my Temper: but since, by thy faithful Service, I have some reason to confide in your Secrefie, hear the strange Relation. — Some twelve, twelve Years ago, Liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was was then just Fifteen, an Age fatal to the Female Sex; Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are — Villains. Then it hapned, that three young Gentlemen from the University coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! these strouling Collegians are never abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no enquiry into their Affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of disagreeable Scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour; but the third!

Par. Ay! the third, Madam; — the third of all things, they say, is very Critical.

Lure. He was — but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing; — he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Par. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to ruine. His very looks were witty, and his expressive Eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than Words cou'd frame.

Par. There will be Mischief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk so much of Eyes, but there were Tears presently after.

Lure. His Discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, rose in the Morning, and made Verses, so fell desperately in Love. — My Father was so well pleas'd with his Conver-

Conversation, that he beg'd their Company next Day ; they consented, and next Night, *Parly*——

Par. Ay, next Night, Madam,——next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honesty ; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour.—— She admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wept, and sigh'd——and conquer'd. [Weeps.]

Par. Alack a day, poor Fifteen! [Weeps.]

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from Oxford in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old Bait! the old Bait!——I was cheated just so my self ; [Aside.] But had not you the wit to know his Name all this while ?

Lure. Alas ! what Wit had Innocence like mine ? He told me, that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joining Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*, then we parted ; but I never saw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Grievs, which my Father's Death made a fair pretence for ; he left me sole Heiress and Executrix to Three thousand Pounds a Year : At last, my Love for this single Dissembler turn'd to a hatred of the whole Sex ; and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to Travel, where, in most Courts of Europe, I have done some Execution. Here I will play my last Scene ; then retire to my Country-House, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler ?

Lure. Most certainly : 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, representing the Baseness of Mankind full in view ; and makes my Resentments work.—— We shall have that old impotent Lecher, *Smuggler*, here to Night ; I have a Plot to swinge him, and his precise Nephew, *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*, those Men, whose Pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismiss'd, by letting them know my firm Resolutions never to marry. But those Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've seldom fail'd to manage.

Par.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I suppose his Designs are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's something of Honour in his Temper that pleases: I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfied. But he's a Man still.

— When I once try'd his Pulse about Marriage!, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's. He swore indeed, that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me forsooth, because he was engag'd elsewhere. So poor a Pretence made me disdain his Passion, which otherwise might have been uneasie to me. — But hang him; I have tiez'd him enough. — Besides *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge; — But this Buss and Guinea I must maul once more. I'll hansel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I must write to *Vizard* too.

*Fortune this once assist me as before
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.*

The End of the Third ACT.

A C T. IV.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Wildair and Standard meeting.

Stand. I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e'er this in a more convenient Place; but since my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough; it shews Courage and Unconcern. I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. Draw you Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the Devil take me if I fight. — Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, dost think that I am such a Mad-man as to send my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms upon every Fool's Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild.

Wild. Coward, Sir! I have Eight thousand Pounds a Year Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders*, to my knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same reason that I wore a Red Coat; because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir; he was a Beau, like myself. Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; And I think it down-right Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I shall take very unseemly Methods, if you don't show your self a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there agen now? A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have Eight thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one jot more to my Gentility. But, pray Colonel, I had forgot to ask you: What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword first; you know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you, this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I'm assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement.

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand.

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no; They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard.—But some means I shall devise for your satisfaction.—We must fly this Place, else that cluster of Mobb will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mobb, Tom Errand's Wife hurrying in Clincher senior, in Errand's Cloaths.

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ay, my poor *Timothy*! [*Crying.*]

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*;—your Husband has murder'd me, Woman; for he has carry'd away my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths.

Wife. Ay, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?—Neighbours don't you know poor *Timothy's* Coat and Apron?

Mobb. Ay, ay, 'tis the same.

First Mobb. What shall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mobb. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mobb. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder: but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learn't to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

Mobb. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames*.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle*, now,

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O, Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const. Murder and Robbery! then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there; he must not be abus'd.—Give an Account of your self: Are you a Gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Const. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm persuaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and—so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Const. Very well, the Man speaks Reason and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Constable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Const. Silence, Woman, and don't disturb the Court.—Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his: So I put on his Coat, and he puts on mine.

Const.

The Constant Couple.

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Const. Why Neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

(They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.)

Clin. O Gemini! My Jubilee Pistols!

Const. What, a Case of Pistols! Then the Case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? Whence came you, and whither go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Russel-Street*, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to *Newgate*, straight.

Clin. I shall go to the Jubilee now indeed.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. In short, Colonel, 'tis all Nonsense: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's House; if you please, we'll wait on her together: You shall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid's Dart*:——You shall look big; I'll ogle:——You shall swear; I'll sigh:——You shall *sa, sa*, and I'll *Coupee*; And if she flies not to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the Generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there agen you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. *Penelope*, I think she's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr: But you have promis'd me Ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am satisfied that she imposes on us all; and *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: But his Honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery:——But will you be convinc'd, if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild.

Wild. Then meet me half an hour hence at the *Rummer*: You must oblige me by taking a hearty Glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild. Yes, faith.—I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. (*Exeunt severally.*)

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Country agen: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

Dic. Ay, Sir, He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who, d'ye think lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dic. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd sure!

Enter Tom Errand in Clincher senior's Cloaths.

Dic. Indeed I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure. (*Aside.*)

Clin. Brother!—Alaw! O *Gemini*! Are you my Brother?

Dic. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord! Shou'd this prove some Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dic. What Errand? Speak, you Rogue.

Err. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Err. A Beau, Sir.

Dic. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and strip him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini*! O my poor Jubilee Brother!—Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sirrah, have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Err.

Err. Who I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hang'd, but confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lye can do no harm; besides, if the worst comes to the worst, I can but deny it agen—Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,——but are you sure you kill'd him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in England.

Dic. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law*.

Err. Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*.

But he's as dead as a Door-Nail; for I gave him seven Knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dic. Then you have the Estate by the Statute.

Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd?

Err. I suppose he was, Sir; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey!——Then I go to the *Jubilee*——Strip, Sir, strip.

By *Jupiter Ammon*, strip.

Dic. Ah! Don't swear, Sir. (*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*)

Clin. Swear, Sir, *Zocus*, han't I got the Estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir——

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you must do me the Favour to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon*, all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths——Hey, call me a Coach some-body.

Err. Ay, Master, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see *Angelica*. (*Exeunt Dick and Errand.*)

Now that I'm an Elder Brother, I'll Court, and Swear, and Rant, and Rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them. (*Exit.*)

SCENE, Lurewell's House.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Are you sure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Par.

The Constant Couple.

Par. Yes, yes, Madam; one of your Ladyship's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Transports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains, some time or other, are punctual to their Ruine; and Hypocrisie, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all things prepar'd for his Reception?

Par. Exactly to your Ladyship's Order, the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Par. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently. *(As Parly*

goes to put out the Candle, some-body knocks.

Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. Sings.

*Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
He sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore,*

*The Sign was so,
[knocks.]*

She answer'd, No

[knocks thrice.]

No, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,

No, Damon, no, I am afraid;

Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid,

Consider,

No,

I'm a Maid.

No, &c.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,

She rose, and softly turn'd the Key;

Come in, said she, but do not stay.

I may conclude

You will be rude,

But if you are, you may.

Enters.

(Exit Parly.)

Lure. 'Tis too early for Senerading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper, there's an

an harmonious Consent in their Natures, and when rightly joyn'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happiness.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour.

Wild. No Tempest. Madam, but as fair Weather as ever enrich'd a Citizen's Wife to Cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

(*Wild taking her by the Hand.*)

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft Desires, Is't not so?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty fires.

Lure. O Villain! What Privilege has Man to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruine? (*Aside.*) If this be a Love Token, (*Wild. drops a Ring, she takes it up.*) your Mistresses Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholding to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To Design, upon my Honour, and I hope my Design will succeed.

(*Aside.*)

Lure. And what shall I give you for such a fine thing? (*Both sing.*)

Wild. You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine thing.

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the Favour to see you some other time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me——Madam, your most humble Servant.

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard*. (*Exit, and takes the Candles with her.*)

Enter Parly, leading in Smugler, dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.

Par. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll steal a Pair of Silk-Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you——What are you fumbling about my Pockets for——?

Par. Only setting the Pleats of your Gown; here, Sir, get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

(*Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with Vizard.*)

Viz. Where would'st thou lead me, my dear auspicious little Pilot?

Par. You're almost in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. (*Kisses her.*)

Par. Pshaw, Who has hir'd me best? A couple of Shillings or a couple of Kisses.

Viz. Propitious darkness guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that shadows outward Sense, lights up our inward Joy. Night! The great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Persian* Monarch hides its Royalty to raise the Veneration of the World. Under thy easie Reign Dissemblers may speak Truth; all slavish Forms and Ceremonies laid aside, and generous Villany may act without Constraint.

Smug. (*Peeping out of the Closet.*) Bless me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour abroad, to gorge their craving Maws; the Pleasure of Hypocrisie, like a chain'd Lyon, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice, and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit; he talks as prophanely, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice; Madam,—my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard*?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject—I left it where it has only Business, with Day-light; 'tis needless to wear a Mask in the dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue;—The World takes you for a very sober, virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleasures—with me a Cully-Squire may squander his Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift—With me a holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and toast his tuneful Nose in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer—But what is most my Praise, the formal Rigid, she that rails at Vice and Men, with me secures her loosest Pleasures, and her strictest Honour—she who with scornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, disdains the

the Name of Whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! Then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep but invisible; not like those fluttering noisive Sinners, whose Pleasure is the Proclamation of their Faults; those empty Flashes who no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleasures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*—she has made him an Appointment too—but I'll be reveng'd of both—Well, Sir, what are these you are so intimate with?

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well—those who stand so high, that the Vulgar envy even their Crimes, whose Figure adds privilege to their Sin, and makes it pass unquestion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whose speaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, wou'd arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all ravishing, lovely, soft, and kind, like you.

Smug. I'm very lovely and soft indeed, you shall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend—Well, Sir, but I suppose your Dissimulation has some other Motives besides Pleasure.

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest Motive in the World, Interest—you must know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! The young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him.

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf—and yet (what's wonderful) he that wou'd stick at no profitable Villainy himself, loves Holiness in another—he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week past—he spends all Dinner-time in too tedious Graces, and what he designs a Blessing to the Meat, proves a Curse to his Family—he's the most—

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a swinging Estate, which I design to purchase as a Saint, and spend like a Gentleman. He got it by cheating, and shou'd lose it by Deceit. By the

pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miser, one of these Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows, then, you young Dog. [*Aside.*

Viz. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghost how genteely I spend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aside.*

Viz. Bless me, Madam! Here's a Light coming this way, I must fly immediately, when shall I see you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be seen for the World. I wou'd sooner forfeit my Life, nay my Pleasure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! That poor Word suffers a great deal—— Well! Thou art the most accomplish'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Dish of Coffee and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for seven Years Maintenance, and shall pay me by seven Years Imprisonment; and when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-simple of a Rope and a Shilling? Who are these? I begin to be afraid of some Mischief——I wish that I were safe within the City Liberties——I'll hide my self. [*Stands Close.*

Enter Butler, with other Servants and Lights.

But. I say there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll search the whole House—— Two Spoons will be no small Gap in my Quarters Wages——

Serv. When did you miss 'em, *James*?

But. Miss them. Why I miss them now; in short they must be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, search about. [*Search and discover*
Ah! Who's this? Smugler.

But. Hark'e, good Woman, what makes you hide your self? What are you asham'd of.

Smug. Asham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honest old Woman that never was asham'd of any thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you see a couple of stray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons?

But. Ay, ay, stray Spoons; in short you stole them, and I'll

I'll shake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them presently.

Smug. Bless me; a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old accus'd for *Petty Larceny*! — Why search me; good People, search me; and if you find any Spoons about me, you shall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, we will search you, Mistress.

[They search, and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.]

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bless us! she is a Witch in good earnest, may be.

Smug. O, it was some Devil, some *Covent-Garden*, or *St. James's Devil*, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you shall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurse.

Lure. What Noise is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has stole two Silver Spoons, and says she's your Nurse.

Lure. My Nurse! O the impudent old Jade, I never saw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I am finely caught. O Madam! Madam, don't you know me? don't you remember Buss and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever such Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as Brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box. — Take her before a Justice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! consider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Consider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetousness, Hypocrisie, and Knavery, and must be punish'd accordingly. — You must be in Petticoats, Gouty Monster, must ye! You must Buss and Guinea too; you must tempt a Ladies Honour, old Satyr, away with him. *[Hurry him off.]*

*Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppose,
Still may our Arts delude these tempting Foes.
May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Vertue laid.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

A C T. V.

S C E N E *Lady Darling's House.**Darling and Angelica.*

Dar. **D**Aughter, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your Modesty.

Ang. I am sensible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a Chain to Enslave, than Bracelet to Adorn us;—it shou'd shew, when unmolested, easie and innocent as a Dove, but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Dar. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir *Harry's* Gaiety for Dishonour.

Ang. Tho' Modesty, Madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad—I must confess, that of all Men's, I wou'd not see Sir *Harry Wildair's* Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest most suspicious Words a thousand ways, to make them look like Honour.—But, Madam, in spite of Love I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all vertuous Women of the bravest Men.—

Dar. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*, for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry's* Designs are only to court, and marry you.

Ang. His pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly Conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same.—Pray, Madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Dar. Means, Child! why, my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin.—(*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*)

Ang. Ha! *Vizard*! then I'm abus'd in earnest.—Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungentle a Crime.—This Letter shall trace the Truth.—(*Aside.*) My Suspicions, Madam, are much clear'd; and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *W. dair*.

Dar.

Dar. Conduct him up. Daughter, I wo'n't doubt your Discretion. (Exit. Darling.)

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*!—Madam, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like Loches, to every Glas.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head, and the *Cupids* into my Heart; and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, Madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness: For the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault. ——— Therefore, pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a mind to toss me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chamber-maids would do better Service. ——— Come, come, Madam, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet has it taught me to speak plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors, I must this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Ang. Nay then, who waits there? (Enter Footmen.) Take hold of that mad Man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy's* the Word, and Slaughter will ensue. Hold,——do you know, Scoundrils, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? (Draws.)

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then, how have you the impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we must do as our young Mistress commands us.

Wild. Nay, then have among ye, Dogs.

(Throws Money among them: They scramble, and take it up. He pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.)

Rascals, Poultrons,——I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Ang. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to flight: And, now take the General Prisoner. (Laying hold on her.)

Ang. I conjure you, Sir, by the sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your

Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.—
Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Ang. What Madness, Sir *Harry*? what wild Dream of loose Desire cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baseness? View me well.—The Brightness of my mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it shou'd dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is guard against your self: I'm sure, there's something generous in your Soul; my Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, ti dum, tall ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*.——I gad, I'll at her in her own Can.——

O my Statyra, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me, behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir; view me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes, is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with a vertuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with; [*Aside.*] look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Vertue, we shan't quarrel about it; you may be as Vertuous as any Woman in *England*, if you please; you may say your Pray'rs all the time:——But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Vertue that you make such a mighty Noise about: Can your Vertue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No; for the Players can't live upon Vertue. Can your Vertue keep you a Coach and Six! No; no; your Vertuous Women walk a Foot.——Can your Vertue hire you a Pue in a Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Vertue stake for you at Picquet? No: Then, what business has a Woman with Vertue?——Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guineas,——there's a hundred.——The Devil! Vertuous still! Why, 'tis a hundred, five score, a hundred Guineas.

Ang. O Indignation! Were I a Man, you durst not use me thus; but the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self; our Sex still strikes an awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will

set you up at Basset, a hundred Guineas will furnish out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Escritore for your *Billet deux*, or a fine *Common Prayer-Book* for your Vertue. A hundred Guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are——I Gad, this *Bargundy* makes a Man speak like an Angel.—Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

Ang. I'll use it as I wou'd the base unworthy Giver, thus:

[Throws down the Purse and stamps upon it.]

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in State Affairs; but these Women will make me a Parliament Man 'spight of my Teeth, on 'purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion. She tramples under-foot that Deity which all the World adores! —O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen! Pshaw, I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my Markets with the Old Gentlewoman; she knows Business better; —*[Goes to the Door.]* Here, you, Friend, pray desire the Old Lady to walk in.—Hearkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Dar. Well, Sir *Harry*, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray.

Wild. Like her, Madam!——Hearkee, will you take it? Why, faith, Madam!——take the Money, I say, or I gad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam;——In short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Dar. How, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Dar. A hundred Guineas upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these Old Women love to hear Bawdy? Why, faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double Entendre ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

*Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take um, believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me your tall al de rall.*

A Modish Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Dar. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain terms; then, Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to—

Ang. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for modest Ears to bear.—Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humours, is made a Tool to a Knave: *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Dar. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who ye are! Why, your Daughter there is, Mr. *Vizard*'s Cousin, I suppose:—And for you, Madam, —now to call her Procurefs *Alamode France*. (*Aside.*) *Festime votre Occupation.*—

Dar. Pray, Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, *Alamode Londres*! (*Aside.*) I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet, old Gentlewomen, who keep their Visiting-days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Dar. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what injury have you e'er receiv'd from me or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Aspersion?

Ang. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives, could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day! Now dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Satyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles; *Vizard*'s Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Ang. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. (*Opening the Letter.*) But hold, Madam, (*To Darling.*) before I read, I'll make some Condition:—Mr. *Vizard* says here, that I wo'n't scruple 30 or 40 Pieces. Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, by Gad, I will not stand to't.

Ang. Now, can't I tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Repentment for this Injury.

Dar. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then! (*Reads.*)

Out of my earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica, — Ay, ay, the very Words, I can say it by heart. — I have sent Sir Harry Wildair — to court my Cousin. — What the Devil's this? Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my Cousin! — He read to me quite a different thing. — He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune. — He's a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal. — And wou'd make your Daughter very Happy [Whistles] in a Husband. [Looks foolish, and hums a Song.] Oh, poor Sir Harry! what have the angry Stars design'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no instigation to redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Dar. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unfully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam. [Bows to her.]

Ang. Consider what a tender Blossom is Female Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam. [Bows to t'other.]

Dar. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [Bows again.]

Ang. Remember the bale Price you offer'd me. [Exit.]

Wild. Very true, Madam; was ever Man so catechiz'd?

Dar. Then think that Vizard, Villain Vizard, caus'd all this, yet lives: that's all; farewell. [Going.]

Wild. Stay, Madam, [To Darling] one Word; is there no other way to redress your Wrongs, but by Fighting.

Dar. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the Business I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand you, Madam. [Exit. Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony; which is best now? A License from Doctors Commons, or a Sentence from the Old Baily? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; If I marry my Woman, I shall hang my self. — But, Dam it, — Cowards dare fight; I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two: So my dear Cousin Angelica, have at you.

SCENE, Newgate, Clincher senior solus.

Clin. How severe and melancholy are Newgate Reflections? Last Week my Father died; yesterday I turn'd Beau; to day I am laid by the Heels, and to morrow shall be hung by the Neck. — I was agreeing with a Bookseller about Printing an Account of my Journey through France to Italy; but now, the

the History of my Travels thro' *Holburn* to *Tyburn*,—*The last and dying Speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the Jubilee.*—*Come, a Half-penny a piece,* A sad Sound, a sad Sound, faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a great Noise in the World.

Enter Smuggler and Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So send these Letters into *Thames street*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [*Exit Goaler.*]

Eh! this *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner.—Well, Friend, what are you? a Cut-throat or a Bum-Bailiff?

Clin. What are you, Mistress? a Bawd, or a Witch? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye see, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broom-staff, and whip me away to the Jubilee.

Smug. The Jubilee! O, you young Rake-hell, what brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing, and your Frisking, wou'd come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion, and your Smugling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you must break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full Bottom Wig, must you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you must put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats:—You design to swing in Masquerade, Master, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you must go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Business has a Prentice at a Play-house, unless it be to hear his Master made a Cuckold, and his Mistress a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but some malicious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard matter now, that an honest sober Man can't sin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an honest Gentleman five Guineas my self towards writing a Book against it: And it has done no good, we see.

Clin. Well, well, Master, take Courage; our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have sent a Messenger for my Cloaths, add shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by

by and by.——Go to Prayers you Rogue, go to Prayers.
[Exit Smug.]

Clin. Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking, when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows.——Ah, this cursed Intriguing! Had I swung handsomely in a silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungentleel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve! a Reprieve! thou dear, dear.——damn'd Rogue, Where have you been? Thou art the most welcome——Son of a whore; where's my Cloaths?

Err. Sir, I see where mine are: Come, Sir, strip, Sir, strip:

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman?

Err. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, D'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all Gentlemen here;——I stand up for Liberty and Property.——*Newgate's* a Common-wealth. No Courtier has Business among us; come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, stay till I send for my own Cloaths: I shall get out presently.

Err. No, no, Sir! I'll ha' you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me; for I'm Twenty thousand strong.
[Exeunt struggling.]

SCENE, *changes to Lady Darling's House.*

Enter Wildair with Letters, Servants following.

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*,——you to *St. James's*, and you into the City.——Tell all my Friends, a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence. Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.——Tell 'em I'm marry'd. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm marry'd, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone. fly.

Enter Standard.

A thousand Welcomes, Friend: my Pleasure's now complete, since I can share it with my Friend: Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you. Then back agen; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*; but this transcends your self: Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess, my Friend? Whence flows all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleasure?——*Woman.*——What fires the Heart with Transport,

port, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman* — What is the Master-stroke and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming, Vertuous Woman*? — When Nature in the general Composition, first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Extasie; the blest, the fair Production. — Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess? — What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*? — What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping, *Treacherous Woman*? — What are those, whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? but *false deluding Woman*. — Woman! whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Body's Heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Larewell*, may excuse your Resentments against her. But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex. — I have found one, whose Vertues —

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one, whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince. And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falsehood, be no Breaches in a Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition; I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Shew of Complaisance at least. — Here comes my Charming Bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stan. [Saluting *Angelica*.] I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Dar. Ble's me, Cousin! how came you by these Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Jest! Ha, ha, ha, I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Dar. What's the matter Cousin?

Clin. The matter! Ha, ha, ha: Why, an honest Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the best Jest of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Dar.

Dar. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha, let me see e'er a younger Brother in England that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Ang. You appear'd a very sober pious Gentleman some Hours ago.

Clin. Pshaw, I was a Fool then: But now, Madam, I'm a Wit: I can rake now.——As for your part, Madam, you might have had me once:——But now, Madam, if you shou'd chance fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my fault——Now, Madam——I have got an Estate, and I must go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher senior in a Blanket.

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must ye?——You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghost, a Ghost!——Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A Ghost! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an Elder Brother; Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're Dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a Man out of his Life!

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him.——

Clin. sen. Truly the Apprehensions of Death may have made me favour a little——O Lord,——the Colonel! The Apprehension of him may make me favour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you a Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*! Go to the *Bear-Garden*——the Travel of such Fools as you doubly injure our Country, you expose our Native Follies, which ridicules us among Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for fashionable Gallantry; a Travelling Fool is as dangerous as a Home-bred Villain——Get you to your Native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals, like your selves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other time; I hear some Fiddles tuning, let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to sit.

Here

The Constant Couple.

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? *(To Darling.)*

Dar. With all my Heart—Come, Gentlemen.

(Exeunt omnes but Wildair.)

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O! Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding—What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A Monster—if thou art marry'd thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd deceit.

Wild. Hey day! Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you, I made indeed a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame—can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. *(Shews a Ring.)* Methinks the Motto of this Sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face—read, read here the binding words of Love and Honour, words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes.—tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false—had not curst Chance show'd me the surprizing Motto, I had been happy—The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil's all this!—Madam, I'm not at leisure for Rallery at present, I have weighty Affairs upon my hands; the business of Pleasure, Madam, any other time—*(Going.)*

Lure. Stay, I conjure you stay.

Wild. Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'e, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. *(Exit.)*

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heav'ns, or I shall burst—Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast—Words, Words, or I shall burst. *(Going.)*

(Enter)

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What? Making a Fool of you? I've don't, and glory in the Act, the height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown, dissembling to the prejudice of Men is Vertue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive is Meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly——if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee——Come, Madam, you know that you're discovered, and being sensible you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay.

That Ring, Madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O name it not——yes, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd——Speak now, what his busie Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——your Word, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in 'twight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair's* boasting of your Favours to be the pure result of his own Vanity: At last he urg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which you Yesterday from him receiv'd that Ring——which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that purpose.

Lure. Ha! You lent him for that purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that purpose——no denying it——I know it well, for I have worn it long and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just owner! Think, Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have Love and Honour in your Soul, 'tis then most justly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

L

Stand.

Stand. Ha ——— your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange——but tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire*?

Stand. I was, I was. (*Runs to her, and embraces her.*) The blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Transport——I know the rest——you are the charming she, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!——But where have you wander'd since,——twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; But to discharge my self from the Stain of Dishonour I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the University, my Elder Brother and I quarell'd: My Father to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to travel: I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least account of you, by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my return found you were gone out of the Kingdom; tho' none could tell me whither; missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause——You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and Brave——and to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your acceptance; and if I can satisfy you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay, not Fame, nor Glory, e'er shall part me more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, both Clinchers:

Oh! Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles, the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this. That Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect.

Enter Smugler.

Smug. So Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his Face among such honourable Company, for your Gracious Nephew is——

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart——I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have disinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-Master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its purpose, as of the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, (*To Angel.*) how industriously Fortune has punish'd his Offence to you,

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequence of it.

Smug. O! Sir *Harry*, he is as Hypocritical——

Lure. As your self, Mr. Alderman: how fares my good old Nurse, pray Sir?

Smug. O Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my hands.

Stand. A word with you, Mr. Alderman, do you know this Pocket-Book.

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my secret Practices in Trading (*Aside*) how came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket, at this Lady's House Yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your Merchandizing, among the rest the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correspondent at *Bourdeaux*, about transporting *French Wine* in *Spanish Casks*——First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament

or not whose Justice will never suffer your smuggling to go unpunish'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo !

Clin. sen. Hark'e, Master, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee*, now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise ; Wou'd you be thought an honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age ; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly Cheat, as a Thief wou'd steal——

Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Vertue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulsion ; of which, Colonel, your Conversion and mine are just Examples.

*In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,
Where Virtue with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman——*

*Charming Woman can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teachers sake.
Virtue in them appear so bright, so gay,
We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.*

The End of the Fifth ACT.



FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart each his respective Way,
To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one with loving she retires to th' Rose.
The am'rous Pair in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play, in number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis ought gainsays,
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee some retreat to save their Pockets,
Others, more generous, damn the Play at Locketts,
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne'er spoke in generous Champain.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
Who in cold Blood murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen who fond the World should know it,
Sit down, and for their Twopence damn a Poet.
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't,
They understand a Play—too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends, in Cornhil and Cheapside:
But those, I think, have but one Rule for Plays;
They'll say they're good, if so the World but says.
If it should please them and their Spouses know it.
They strait enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.

EPILOGUE.

*But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote :
But that may's old, below our Author's Aim,
No less than his whole Play is compliment to them.
For their sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding.
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By shewing their ill-nature to their Faces,
Our Business with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*



